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VOL. I.—NO. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

THE  
CARLOW COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE.

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Rescissa vegetior assurgit.  
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CARLOW:  
M. FITZSIMONS.  
DUBLIN: J. F. FOWLER, 3 CROW STREET, DAME STREET.  
LONDON: BURNS, OATES, AND CO., 17 PORTMAN STREET, W.  
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# THE CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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**SEPTEMBER, 1869.**  
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No. LX., VOL. V.—SEPTEMBER, 1869.

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*Imprimatur,*

✠ PAULUS CARDINALIS CULLEN,

*Archiepiscopus Dublinensis.*

DUBLIN, AUGUSTUS, 1869.

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THE  
CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

A Counterfeit Presentment.

NO. IV.

WE left our author enfranchised from school, and about to begin his university career. This, however, he cannot do without giving his readers his reasons.

Now most of us know why a man goes to the university; at first sight, therefore, there was no necessity for Mr. Trench to waste some twenty lines in explaining his motives. But a second glance at the page enlightens us. In a former Chapter,† he was careful to inform us that the pupils at the Royal School of Armagh were “all Protestants”, all of “the dominant class”—thank God, that “bad eminence” will shortly be a thing of the past—“all gentlemen’s sons”, nearly all “landlords’ sons”, and, therefore, fit companions for such as himself.

But the REALITIES OF MR. TRENCH’S LIFE would be incomplete, if, in addition to the information as to the social *status* of his companions, his readers were to be left in ignorance as to the author’s pedigree.

Of course all the world ought to have known who he is, what is the history of his father, and his forefathers on each side, what their rank, their titles, their connections. Mr. Trench, however, evidently conceiving such ignorance as barely possible, kindly condescends to lighten our darkness, and with great

\* *Realities of Irish Life.* By W. Steuart Trench (London: Longmans, 1869).

† Chap. ii.

particularity to let us know that he was "born a younger son".

To the world at large this may appear to be nothing very unusual. Elder sons and younger sons are to be met with every day; and the fact that John Nokes was born the younger son of Thomas Nokes, is not, as a rule, deemed worthy of chronicling. But then, Mr. John Nokes belongs to the "under crust" in society, and has no right to such distinctions. These are confined to the "upper crust", who alone are supposed to have elder and younger sons by excellence, to show that the latter, though not the inheritors of the rank and titles of their sires, are still the possessors of that "blue blood", the presence of whose precious current in their veins is sufficient of itself to place them on a higher platform than mortals, who have been built out of an inferior clay.

But not only was Mr. Trench "born a younger son"; he had another, and a higher claim to distinction. His father was "a brother to the late Lord Ashtown"; his sister-in-law was Lady Helena Trench; his cousin was brother to Lord Ashtown; his wife was equally highly favored; and he himself, Mr. W. Steuart Trench, "lived in the country,\* surrounded with all the luxuries and refinements of a highly educated and polished gentleman". As a young man, and as be seemed one, "born a younger son", he had "lacked neither amusements nor society", and had always "passed a pleasant time between home and his university career".

But, though "born a younger son", and such a younger son, Mr. Trench had always entertained a sort of idea that he "ought to do something" for himself; that so blissful a state of Elysian luxury as he depicts himself lapped in, "could not and ought not to last". In his "heart of hearts" he resolved, if possible—and what could be impossible to the younger son of a Trench, a Protestant, a member of the "dominant class", a landlord's son?—to obtain some employment suitable to his natural tastes, and affording, at the same time, the "opportunity of a useful and active life"—strict grammar, such as we should expect from a "highly educated and polished gentleman", would demand the insertion of "an" before the words, "active life", but, in consideration of Mr. Trench's lofty aspirations for his own and his neighbour's good, we can afford not to be too particular about Syntax.

What Mr. Trench's "natural tastes" had been up to this time he has already shown us in the picture he has drawn of his school life. They were hardly those, which we should expect



to see even in schoolboys not "born younger sons" (in the Trench sense), nor belonging to the "dominant class", nor "Protestants", nor "gentlemen's sons" (we speak in a Trenchian sense), nor "landlords' sons".

But let us admit Mr. Trench's "natural tastes", as portrayed by himself; we shall then see that they naturally led him to choose the calling of an agent, as being the "most suitable, in its higher branches, to his capacities", and as likely to afford him "the greatest opportunity of being useful in his generation".

Mr. Trench already insinuated the extent of his capacities, when he informed us that, on leaving Armagh, he was "Head of the school", which, lest we should fail to understand the magnitude of such a position, means, "the highest (intellectually) in the highest form". How far Mr. Trench availed himself of the opportunity of being useful to his generation in his profession as agent, depends upon the meaning which he attaches to the word "useful". There is an usefulness, which is useless and destructive to the tenant, and, if landlords would but believe it, to the landlord also; and there is an usefulness, which, by securing to both landlord and tenant their just rights, is usefulness indeed. But alas for its rarity, at least in Ireland. Mr. Trench's career does not exhibit any traces of it; nor can we infer from his REALITIES that he even knows how to define the word "useful". Probably the English language was an "unknown tongue" at Armagh, or its study, "in its higher branches", was one not suitable to Mr. Trench's capacities.

The REALITIES OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE at Trinity College, are mercifully spared us, Mr. Trench barely vouchsafing the information that "he passed steadily through his university course"; adding the somewhat unnecessary information, that he lived sometimes in Dublin, sometimes at his father's place in the country. To what line of studies his "natural tastes" inclined him, and what Honors his "capacities" won for him, we are not informed. But we are carefully told that the writer was invited to the Castle, and that he mingled in the fashionable crowd that frequented Lord Anglesea's levees, drawing-rooms, balls, and private entertainments. And this fact is studiously put forward with a snobbery worthy of one, who so constantly and so offensively obtrudes upon his reader's notice the accidents of his birth and position.

One incident only in his college life does he record; and that, in order to show forth not only the innate valor of a Trench, but also the natural ferocity of the lower orders of the Irish people. We refer to the scene with O'Connell's "police", related in Chap. iii., in which the Liberator's body-guard are de-

scribed as behaving with a cowardly savagery, to which Irishmen are strangers. All, who know them, admit that, with a sneaking liking for a row, they have also an inborn love of fair-play, which would prevent their falling, hundreds to one, upon two unarmed boys, and treating them in the way in which Mr. Trench and his friend are said to have been treated. Men so exasperated as Mr. Trench's assailants were, and so cowardly withal, would not so slightly have let off those, whom they attacked so furiously. A bloody nose, a split ear, the loss of a shoe, and the carrying off of the peccant hats, would by no means represent the injuries inflicted by such an infuriated rabble on two defenceless youths, without any to take their part, and with no constables to come to their assistance. If Mr. Trench's Irishmen of the period had been as his *REALITIES* paint them, nothing else than the fate of Orpheus would have befallen their victims; and their mangled limbs, instead of their hats, would have graced as trophies the broomsticks of the "victorious police".

Of course we take the account of Mr. Trench's valorous conduct for precisely what it is worth, namely, *nil*. Had another related it, we might have been less incredulous, but for a man to be his own trumpeter is, to say the least, a mistake.

This sketch of one of the essential characteristics of Irishmen Mr. Trench introduces, in order that the sting, which is in its tail, may pierce more deeply, and inflict a more deadly wound on the good fame of those, whom, in this, as in every other case, he so foully misrepresents.

"Such was Dublin in my college days", says our veracious chronicler; and then he pleasantly adds\* that, "in the midst of a hundred similar scenes", the Castle gaieties, "flowed on; and people never thought of these outrages but as passing trifles, whilst the business and pleasure of life proceeded as if all was going on in the natural course of things".

Our own recollections of Dublin in those days do not extend so far back; but we have taken pains to inquire of those, who, as well as Mr. Trench, lived on the spot; who were vigorous opponents of O'Connell's proceedings, and would be only too glad to be able to repeat anything to his discredit. All these emphatically deny all knowledge of such occurrences. That rows took place no one doubts; but that they were of the sort that the author of the *REALITIES* sets down, or that they were of such frequency as he asserts, the published records of the day nowhere show; and their authority we should feel more inclined to trust, than the bare word of Mr. W. Steuart Trench.

In writing his legends surely he must have taken a leaf out of *Ireland Sixty Years Ago*, or transcribed those pages of Macaulay's *History of England*, which tell of the London doings of the Mohocks and other revellers of the period—all, by the way, like Mr. Trench, members of the aristocratic families, Englishmen, not mere low Irishry. Under the bewildering influence of that powerful imagination, to which we have already alluded, he must have jotted down the incidents as having occurred, with a few necessary changes as to time, place, and action, in Dublin in the year 1829.

Allowing, however, for argument's sake, that Mr. Trench's account is true, it only amounts to this, that, at a time of unwonted excitement, religious and political, disturbances of an unusually violent kind took place in Dublin; that these disturbances were often caused by obstinacy and folly on the part of the College boys, and that they might have been avoided had the said boys been possessed of even the minimum of common sense. For, as Mr. Trench admits,\* most of the Dublin people good-humoredly removed their hats when O'Connell passed, "but the College lads generally resisted this homage, so that a fight was almost certain to take place whenever they and O'Connell's police chanced to meet in the street".

Therefore, from a particular case like this, our logician deduces the universal conclusion, that savage brutality, and cowardly ruffianism form the essential characteristics of Irishmen, as distinguished from other mortals.

Let us change the scene, and argue in the same way. Time, midnight; place, the Haymarket, London; characters, every sort of vilest in the metropolis, leagued against the civil power, who, says a London evening paper,† have in that locality "a hard time of it". "Here", continues our authority, "is the resort of Doll Tearsheet and Moll Flanders, and the numerous types of these creatures, varied according to their relative successes in an odious trade; here assemble night after night the ruffians in the train of the gay women, the prize fighter, the low betting man, the pimp, the idiotic swell, who treats enamelled barmaids to champagne cup, and undermines his rickety constitution with brainless excesses. With these gentry the police have mostly to deal. They have to restrain in some measure the disgusting riots and orgies which take place upon the flags; and by keeping this hideous mob on the move, prevent it from seething into something even worse than it is by contact. This street is the festering plague-spot of London. Its different dens and coffee-houses are a disgrace to a civilised

\* Page 39.

† The *Echo*, July 25th, 1869.

metropolis. This has been written over and over again: deputations have been promoted on the subject; but the Haymarket beats us yet. Even the questionable expedient of trapping the keepers of disreputable houses, by sending histrionic detectives into them with female baits, and unlimited privileges on the score of supper and sparkling gooseberry, failed in its object. All the police can now do is to endeavour to abate the nuisance of the pavement".

Such scenes, the same journal remarks, are "characteristic of the Haymarket", a locality, which it brands with the epithet "notorious",—its notoriety being of the most unenviable.

Or we will shift the scene elsewhere, and we shall see a prisoner on his trial before twelve enlightened Englishmen for assaulting a police constable in the execution of his duty: "The officer had been knocked down by some one of the savage crowd, and the prisoner kicked him in the ribs while he was on the ground. The jury found him guilty, but recommended him to mercy, because the policeman defended himself with his staff". "The Judge, it appears", adds the *Echo*,\* "backed the sentiment of the jury by conferring a short term of imprisonment on the cowardly ruffian, who fell upon the constable with his bluchers". If we are to believe the same authority—and we can endorse its facts from our own knowledge—"the police are constantly disabled by the brutality of these roughs, who inflict terrible injuries on them, to escape from custody, yet tender-hearted juries will blame the man who, in sheer self-defence, uses the only weapon the law provides for his safety".

Or we read that in "Merrie Islington", on a summer's Sunday evening, robberies and assaults of the most disgraceful kind regularly take place without the bystanders interfering to help the attacked parties; a fact which the tradesmen in the neighborhood corroborated at the Middlesex Sessions held last July, speaking in addition, of the disgraceful scenes occurring every Sunday in the High Street.

Or again we would ask our readers to accompany us to a fashionable resort near London, whose green sward, carefully railed round, provided with handsome benches, awnings, and all the appliances that can be imagined, in order to minister to English ideas of comfort. Here are seated the Countess of X, Lady This, and the Hon. Miss That, with a host of lordlings and baronets as attendant Cavaliers. In front are sundry traps carefully closed, and at a little distance appear other scions of the aristocracy—at times even the Prince of Wales himself—many of them peers, many of them elder sons, many, like Mr. Trench,

\* July 25th, 1869.



“born younger sons”, all of them “gentlemen’s sons”, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, most of them “Protestants”—for, with one or two exceptions, Catholics in England hold themselves aloof from such exhibitions—all of “the dominant class”, and most of them “landlords’ sons”, representing, therefore, fairly enough, those, whom Mr. Trench in his pages holds up for the reverence and admiration of his readers.

All these carry guns of the most scientific pattern, and seem intently watching for the opening of the aforesaid traps. At a given signal the doors are drawn up, and out fly—several inoffensive pigeons. Crack go the guns, and down fall the birds; some meeting their death at the hand of a noble lord, who, though a member of the Upper House,

“Thinks there’s nothing in the world absurder  
Than talk of Irish Church and Pope’s tiara.  
No; he’ll kill birds, and bring the Lady Clara”.\*

Other wretched pigeons fall grievously wounded all around; or escape only to die more wretchedly in the surrounding groves and fields.

And the ladies, the fair, gentle, tenderhearted daughters of the nobles of the land, gorgeously attired, as was never Solomon in all his glory, what is their behaviour? Our readers will naturally suppose that they turn away shocked and disgusted, and hurriedly leave the ground. Let the same Satirist tell the tale:

“Ay, and the exquisite, patrician creatures  
Watch with bright, eager eyes the lifted trap—  
See scattered feathers with unruffled features—  
Laugh, when a dead bird soils a dainty lap.  
Surely ’t is ladylike and innocent fun  
To see birds mangled by his lordship’s gun”.

But, bad as this is, there is in the “lowest depth a lower still”. A short time ago an English bullock-drover, for gouging out the eye of one of his bullocks, was very properly imprisoned. In the matter of eye-gouging, however, says the London *Echo*,† “there is a law for the rich and another for the poor; else why this argument, which appears not in the cheap or popular newspapers—that the enemies of the people supposed would be wholly given up to the rat-pit and the prize-ring—but actually in an expensive publication called the *Court Journal*,‡ upon the

\* *Echoes*, a London weekly satirical paper, July 24th, 1869.

† July 25th, 1869.

‡ The following is the passage referred to (*Court Journal*, July 24th, 1869):  
“To take out the eye of the pigeon when it is put into the trap, to insure its flight in a given direction, is a gross and disgusting piece of cruelty, which ought

*cruelty of putting out the eyes of pigeons in order to insure their death-flight in a given direction.* The *Court Journal* appears to admit the existence of this practice, and says it 'ought to be put down by the sportsmen themselves without a suggestion from any quarter'. If this practice has been known to exist in those aristocratic pigeon matches—in which the Prince of Wales has not been ashamed to take part—and the law leaves the poor birds to the humanity of the sportsmen, we trust there are those among the people who will bestir themselves to forbid such appalling cruelty. It is disgrace to the name of sport to speak of it in connection with such practices. What is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals about, if this practice has really existed, and no one is yet brought under the punishment of the law?"

The same journal adds:—"A Spanish bull-fight is noble and humane in comparison with such practices, for there the man does not take up an altogether mean and cowardly position with regard to the brute creation".

The pursuits of the lower orders of Englishmen, bad as they are, and demoralising as is their tendency, have at least this amount of less vile about them, that they are not frequented by women. To quote our Satirist again:

"For William Sykes [your pardon, Mr. Dickens!]

Thinks few amusements of the time are merrier  
(Except the encounter of steel-spurred game chickens)

Than against rats to back his favorite terrier—  
Vulgar and cruel the sport which William likes—  
*But in the pit you don't see Mrs. Sykes".*

We may also add that the rats, though vermin, enjoy a privilege not accorded to the innocent pigeon, namely, the possession of their eye-sight, of which they are not deprived, in order that Mr. Sykes' terrier may have it all his own way.

Now, if we are to adopt Mr. Trench's line of argument, and to pit against his unauthenticated assertions this, the authenticated testimony of the London journals of the day, what idea

to be put down by the sportsmen themselves without a suggestion from any quarter". Our readers may be reminded that the above mentioned journal, whilst feebly condemning the brutality of blinding the birds, says not one word against the cruelty of the mis-called sport of pigeon-shooting.

As a ryder to the above, we add the testimony of the traffic master of a leading English railway on the treatment to which cattle and poultry are subjected in the course of their journeyings in the railway trucks. "Day by day for years I have noted an increasing indifference—a callousness perfectly shocking—to the sufferings of cattle and poultry. Scenes are hourly witnessed most harrowing to the feelings, most demoralizing, and hardly credible. How weak are our actions to prevent this, when the law remains so imperfect!"—See the *London Times*, July 29th, 1869.

are we to form of the Englishmen, and, worse still, of the Englishwomen of the period? If we were to put these things forward, and on such REALITIES (for sad realities they are) to frame a sweeping indictment against the whole English nation, what would be thought of our powers of reasoning? What estimate would sensible men form of our judgment? What reliance would they put upon our facts?

Yet this is just the line which our mythologist adopts. He takes the Irish metropolis during a time of exceptional and abnormal excitement, twenty years ago. We take the capital city of England in its normal state at the present time. The author of *THE REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE* admits that he and his fellows used deliberately to provoke to deeds of wrath and violence an excited mob; the London papers give us details of the ruffianly acts of the London citizens, committed under no provocation; and this not once or twice, at particular times, but habitually, night after night.

The framer of this indictment against his own people, complains that at this particular time, notwithstanding these acts of violence, the gaieties of Dublin went on unceasingly, owing, of course, to that peculiar disregard for all propriety, which Mr. Trench holds up as the essential difference between Irishmen and the rest of the world. Might we ask him if, in the year of grace 1869, the London Season, its balls, its routs, and its festivities, are ever suspended because of the nocturnal orgies in the Haymarket, or the cowardly ruffianism of Islington and the Ratcliff Highway? Nay, do we not see those very persons, male and female, without whom there would be no London Season—to use the popular phraseology, which invents a fifth Season for the special benefit of London alone—eagerly taking part in what we can only stigmatise as scenes of the worst, and the most degradingly cowardly cruelty? Do we not see them encouraging crimes against religion and society by their very presence at, to say nothing of their active participation in them? What of the natures of those men and women, who stand by and applaud as they see some wretched, eyeless bird fall down in agony, and die, weltering in her blood, at their very feet? What of the delicate sensibilities of those “ladies”, who laugh when they see the rich dress of one of their sisters in crime dyed by the gore of that harmless pigeon, when, shattered by the gun of some other fair one’s gallant, it tumbles quivering on the white silk of the daughter of a Duke, or the sister of an Earl? Of what spirit are such as these? Are we to acquit them of savagery, and to condemn as another example of the habitual, innate bloodthirstiness of the Irish, the wretched peasant, who, driven forth at the point of the

bayonet from house and home, with no provision for his starving wife and children, in maddened forgetfulness of all that his religion teaches him to the contrary, shoots down his oppressor, and thinks that he has done good service in ridding the land of a tyrant? We would ask our readers; we would ask our opponents; we would even ask Mr. W. Steuart Trench himself to decide the question for us. We think we should be able to receive an answer in our favor.

Yet the Irish people, men and women, by a sweeping verdict, are declared to be incapable of civilisation, whilst Englishmen and Englishwomen are upheld as models of all that is most perfect! Did we adopt the Trench line of reasoning, and, showing the reverse of the medal, prove from the daily Press of London alone, that all Englishmen, and all Englishwomen are the most degraded, the most immoral, the most cowardly, the most savage, and the most ruffianly in the world, we should most properly be laughed to scorn, and by none more than by the world of Englishmen. Why, then, does that same world so readily endorse Mr. Trench's misrepresentations, and upon his only *ipse dixit* set down as irreclaimable savages, several millions of their fellow subjects, of whom they know less than they do of the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, or the cannibals of the Fiji Islands? We would remind them that the injunction "Judge not, that ye be not judged", has not as yet been repealed; and that the Decalogue still contains a commandment, which forbids men to bear false witness against their neighbours.



## Life of St. Laserian, Bishop and Patron of Leighlin Diocese.

### CHAPTER III.

*His clansmen desire to elect St. Laserian as their king.—He refuses, and retires to a distant island.—Thence he proceeds to Rome.—He studies under Pope Gregory's supervision, is ordained, and then returns to Ireland.—He is joined by a band of foreign disciples, before his missionary career commences there.—St. Laserian selects Old Leighlin as a site for his monastery.—The popular tradition regarding his approach to that place.*

WE know not whether our Saint was an only son, or the eldest of many children. But when his reputation for wisdom and virtue had extended far and wide, and after it was known that his youthful years were not spent in folly or crime, the people of his own patrimonial district assembled and unanimously elected him for their king. The holy young man, however, refused this proffered sceptre; his thoughtful ambition being directed towards a more lasting inheritance. To avoid further importunity, he withdrew to a remote island situated in the sea, and lying between Albania and Britain.\* Here, according to one account, St. Laserian led an eremitical life, which was rendered illustrious by the miracles he wrought. Beloved by God, and enjoying a high repute for sanctity, he merited unbounded admiration from those islanders amongst whom he dwelt.†

In our Saint's Acts we are told, that, when he had remained for some length of time at this place, he felt a great desire to perfect himself in learning and science. For that purpose he set out on a journey towards the city of the Apostolic See. He continued in Rome, it is stated, for fourteen years,‡ receiving

\* The Bollandist Editor is at a loss to know whether this was a sandy island in Dunbritten Strait, or the Isle of Man. He says he preferred adopting the first opinion, and that the name of Britain must have had a greater extension than England proper would now indicate, adding, "ut ad Clutam usque includat ea quæ nunc Scotiæ adnumerantur".

† See *Acta Sanctorum Aprilis*. Aprilis xviii. *Vita S. Lasreani*, Cap. i. §§. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, *nn.* (d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m), pp. 544, 545.

‡ See Ryan's *History and Antiquities of the County Carlow*, Chap. ii. p. 25.

instruction from Pope Gregory of happy memory.\* During such time as he remained there, his faculties were incessantly applied to the study of the Old and the New Testament, and to the institutes of Canon Law. All this acquired knowledge he carefully treasured within his memory. The holy Pontiff, seeing the progress his Irish disciple daily made in learning and sanctity, conferred the Diaconate on him. Soon after he was promoted to the Priesthood.† Having been advanced to this latter sublime grade, Laserian received his commission to preach God's holy word in Ireland.‡ In token of esteem for his pupil St. Gregory bestowed on this Saint the text of Gospels, and dismissed him with a papal benediction.§

\* The Salamancan manuscript does not give the exact time of our Saint's stay in the Eternal City, and the Bollandist Editor is of opinion that "quatuordecim" had been substituted for "quatuor", either because St. Gregory was Pope for the former length of time, or for some other unexplained reason. If it be true, as related, that Laserian had been ordained priest by this Pope, and sent to Ireland on a mission, St. Laserian could not have remained in Rome much longer than four years. It would appear he did not visit the Eternal City until about the close of the sixth century. Pope Gregory began his pontificate in the year 590, and died soon after the commencement of the seventh century—viz., in A.D. 604. See the Acts of this great Pontiff in Rohrbacher's *Histoire Universelle de l'Eglise Catholique*, Tome ix. Liv. xlvii.

† See Very Rev. Monsignore Moran's *Essays on the Origin, Doctrines, and Discipline of the Early Irish Church*, Part iii. Chap. iii. p. 141.

‡ Dr. Miley writes in these terms: "The annals of even the most remote of the western nations—the Irish—the lives of their Saints abound in notices of the holy pilgrims who journeyed from that remote corner of the earth to the tombs of the Apostles. One of the first purposes, to which we find a respite from the inroads of the Danes converted in the ninth century, is to send an embassy from the Irish princes, to obtain from Charles the Bald a free and secure passage through his dominions for the Irish pilgrims to Rome. In an unpublished Irish manuscript, called the *Leabhar Breac*—a collection of singular importance and interest in an historical point of view—there are a great many such notices". *History of the Papal States*, Vol. i. Book ii. Chap. iv. pp. 462, 463. For further illustration in reference to this Irish practice of making Roman pilgrimages, the reader is referred to Mabillon's *Annales Ordinis S. Benedicti*, Tomus ii. Lib. xxxii. § xlv. p. 626, for an account of Marcus, a bishop, and Marcellus, his nephew, with other Irish pilgrims, stopping at St. Gall's monastery on returning from Rome.

§ The Bollandist Editor thus sums up the chronology of our Saint's life. Laserian is thought to have been about twelve or fourteen years of age when brought to Albania by his grandsire, and therefore it is inferred he was born about A.D. 566. In the island of Iona, our Saint is supposed to have had St. Fintan Munnu as his master. This preceptor is reputed to have set out from Ireland for Iona, soon after St. Columba's departure, and about the year 563. We are not informed how long St. Laserian remained under this master, nor what length of time he spent in the desert, before his first visit to Rome, when St. Gregory's esteem was manifested in sending him to preach the Gospel, after a delay of four years. The Editor incidentally remarks: "annos quatuordecim perperam habet MS.". Papebroke asserts that Laserian had been ordained deacon and priest, about his thirty-third year, and then he was judged worthy to receive the apostolic gifts and a cure of souls. His years, it is supposed, were still more advanced when St. Goban resigned Leighlin to him, perhaps about A.D. 614, or even at a later period. See *Acta Sanctorum Aprilis* xviii. *Vita S. Lasreani. Commentarius Prævius*, § 5, p. 544.

Whilst the Saint was on his way to Ireland, a numerous band of illustrious men, Angles, Britons, and Scots, joined him.\* These most earnestly desired to have the benefit of his example and society. After our Saint had returned to his native country, he preached the Gospel there in many places. Through Divine inspiration he came at length to that spot, where the city of Leighlin afterwards sprung up, and where a monastery then stood. Gobban, a man celebrated for his sanctity, is said to have founded it about this time.† He was Abbot over this house, and preached on the banks of the Barrow.‡ He went to meet St. Laserian, and cordially gave him welcome on his arrival.

According to local tradition,§ St. Laserian on his approach to Old Leighlin, rested on Lorum hill, near Bagnalstown, in the county of Carlow.|| Here he intended to found an establishment, and a more delightful site it would hardly have been possible to select. But his path was there crossed by a red-haired woman; and the Irish peasantry have ever regarded such an apparition as indicating reversal or misadventure of every preconceived project. To others we leave the solution of such a superstition or its mystic meaning. St. Laserian happened to be on his knees, engaged in prayer, at this time. Suddenly, he

\* The Bollandist Editor appends the following note to this account. It is taken from the Salamancan MS.: "*Cumque transiret per Angliam et Britanniam, adjungunt se ei, etc., de Anglis vereor ne sit ab Anglo auctore adjectum: nam cum his nihil dum commune habebant Britones Scotique, sed eos ut hostes capitalissimos oderant*".

† Ryan's *History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow*, Chap. ii. p. 23. This writer, without any authority whatever, says in 616, relying apparently on a date of Archdall, having nothing in common with his statement, while even in the date Archdall is incorrect regarding the matter to which it refers.

‡ He "saw in vision a host of angels hovering over Leighlin, and announced to his disciples that one day a fervent stranger would gather together in that spot as many servants of God as there were angels in that heavenly host". Dr. Moran's *Essays on the Origin, Doctrine, and Discipline of the Early Irish Church*, Part iii. Chap. iii. p. 141.

§ This account was conveyed to us by an inhabitant of Old Leighlin, while kindly discharging the self-imposed office of guide and *raconteur*, on the occasion of a late visit made to the locality, by the learned and respected President of CARLOW COLLEGE, the Editor of its MAGAZINE, and the writer of this article.

|| Lorum, called Lowran, by William Wenman Seward, is represented as being but a poor place, with as poor a church. It lies within a mile of Ballylaughan Castle. However, we are told, that in 1795, the 18th of April, being the patron day of St. Lazerianus, or Laserian, was specially celebrated. The same author states our Saint was here interred. See *Topographia Hibernia*, sub voce.

But in 1833, Ryan says, no patron was then held at this spot, nor was there any memorial whatever of St. Laserian in the churchyard. "Indeed", he adds, "there can be no doubt, that he was not buried here, but at Old Leighlin". See *History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow*, Chap. xxxi. p. 348. On the Ordnance Survey maps for the County Carlow (sheet 19), Lorum Church "in ruins" is marked on an elevated site. A little distance to the west *St. Molapoge's Well* is noted. It is probable, this must have been originally pronounced *St. Molaissi's Well*.

heard an Angel's voice sweetly proclaiming from heaven, "Go where you shall see the sun first shining, and there shall your religious house be established". Accordingly he crossed the river Barrow, and travelled in the direction of Old Leighlin. When he arrived at this spot, a glorious burst of sunshine lighted up the whole *entourage* of exquisite scenery. Then venerable oak trees covered the Idrone upper ridges and mountain tarns, west of the Barrow. Laserian's eyes ranged with pleasurable admiration over this charming prospect.

He next sought an interview with the chieftain, who ruled that beautiful and fertile district. St. Gobban had already established his monastery or cell, near the corner of an old masonry enclosure, yet pointed out, and called "the Bishop's Garden". It rises near the left bank of that rivulet, flowing past Old Leighlin. But whether it were that the chief wished to confer a special favor on St. Gobban, already an inhabitant of his territory, or that he conceived one monastic house in the neighbourhood sufficient, St. Laserian's request for a small tract of his land was rather coldly received. However, not choosing to give the holy man a direct refusal, the dynast told him at last, only one spot was available, and this was a lough, formed immediately above St. Gobban's cell, and resting within a rather deep glen. Gladly receiving the grant, and then courteously thanking the chief, Laserian spread his cloak over the pool, when its waters sank to a lower level, and almost disappeared in the clefts of their ravine. Afterwards his monks opened a duct, by quarrying through some rocks which still impeded the stream's freer course. On the left bank then remained a suitable plateau for our Saint's purposes; and here at the present time, may be seen the modernised Protestant church, with its old and venerable Catholic square belfry, towering above the circumjacent burial ground. So runs popular tradition; and were we desirous of concealing long-remembered lore, culled from the peasant's fire-side, St. Laserian's biography could hardly be considered as complete, or even properly illustrated.

It appears that the site of Leighlin had been marked out for habitation by religious men long before St. Laserian had resolved on taking possession. We are not able to determine the exact time when St. Gobban\* built his monastery on that

\* Papebroke has observed, that, when treating about St. Goban Dairensis, at the 26th of March, Colgan suspects, without any just reason, this latter person was identical with the Abbot of Leighlin. Papebroke himself conjectures it would be nearer truth to suppose that the Goban in his text, was identical with that celebrated father of a thousand monks. Thus is he alluded to in the Calendar of Cashel, at the 6th of December: "S. Gobanus de Killamruidhe juxta montem Sliab-na-mag-fionn dictum, in Ossoria". The Editor also adds: "*quo scilicet migraverit Lithglinnensem locum relinquens Lasreano, versus Austrum et Mumoniæ confinia recedendo*".



place where he saw in vision a host of Angels chanting God's praises;\* but it was probably early in the seventh century. We have another interesting record in connection with this spot, which it would seem had been purpled with the blood of Blessed Mael Patrick, a priest and anchorite, Blessed Mongan, another anchorite, and his companions, who suffered martyrdom in A.D. 916.† Our holy faith had not been fully planted in Ireland, until what Tertullian has denominated "the martyrs' blood, the seed of Christians",‡ watered her soil, and cemented the foundations of her growing Church.

LAGENIENSIS.

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Τοῦ αὐτοῦ.

II.

Δότε μοι λύρην Ὀμήρου,  
 Φονίης ἀνευθε χορδῆς.  
 Φέρε μοι κύπελλα θεσμῶν,  
 Φέρε μοι νόμους κεράσσω,  
 Μεθύων ὅπως χορεύσω,  
 Ὑπὸ σῶφρονος δὲ λύσσης  
 Μετὰ βαρβίτων αἰείδων  
 Τὸ παροίνιον βοησω.  
 Δότε μοι λύρην Ὀμήρου  
 Φονίης ἀνευθε χορδῆς.

---

Odes of Anakreon.

II.

Tear away the blood-red string  
 From Homer's harp; then hither bring  
 It and, too, the sacred wave—  
 There laws shall meet a motley grave.  
 Then, as my feet unguided reel,  
 First of the dancing throng I'll steal,  
 And Fancy, by my harp beguiled,  
 Will chant its themes in measures wild.  
 Give me, then, old Homer's lyre,  
 Without the chord that wars inspire.

J. T. N.

\* See *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Vol. ii. September, 1866. *The See of Leighlin*, p. 544. This article contains an interesting account of Leighlin's mediæval history.

† See O'Donovan's *Annals of the Four Masters*, vol. ii. pp. 592, 593. Colgan's printer incorrectly sets down the year as 616, so that many modern writers have been led astray, regarding the date for this transaction.

‡ "Semen est sanguis Christianorum". *Apologia*, 45, *sub fin.*

## Sursum Corda.\*

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**B**ETWEEN two and three thousand years ago the Spartans were in distress. They were engaged in a war, the issue of which was of the last importance. But they had no leader. Men they had, and valor enough, but the directing head was wanting. They cast about for him, who should be their chief, but he was not. Through the extremest bounds of their country they sent to see, if by chance one might be met with of skill enough, and prowess enough, to march in their van, and to be the Coryphæus of freedom.

For it was a struggle of no small gravity. Defeat would be well nigh death to the nation, and slavery to the sons of Lacedæmon, who had ever scorned the conqueror's yoke, and would not

“in homagē bend the knee,

But, once made freemen, would be always free”.

The danger, however, was imminent. The Messenian foe was powerful and threatening. Unless he were disposed of, Sparta might yet have to eat the bread of slavery, and her men become hewers of wood and drawers of water to the tyrant, exposed to the ridicule and scorn of surrounding nations.

So pressing at last was her necessity, and so exceeding her straits, that her pride was obliged to stoop. Humiliated and shamefast, she condescended to beg of Athens, her antient rival, some one, who should supply the want. The request was granted, but granted with a willing readiness, which, of itself, ought to have excited suspicion. The leader came indeed; but instead of a godlike form, instead of a hero, whose martial looks and soldierlike bearing inspired confidence at first sight, there was sent them a little, deformed object, lame, blind of an eye, in bodily presence mean and contemptible. For the sword he carried a harp; for the words of command and plans of battle he but sang them songs.

In a moment Sparta saw the meaning of the gift. The jealousy of Athens could not brook the power of her neighbor. Knowing her necessity, she rejoiced over it, and trusted to see her brought down even with the ground. Her piteous request, indeed, she would not deny; but, in her very manner of giving, she flouted her already too humiliated petitioner. In scorn and

\* *The Spirit of the Nation; or, Ballads and Songs*, by the Writers of the Nation (Dublin: Duffy, 1866).

*Songs of the Rising Nation, and Other Poems*. By Ellen Forrester, and her Son, Arthur M. Forrester (Glasgow: Cameron and Ferguson, 1869).

derision she sent her as a fitting leader for such an army, one, whose calling, and whose personal defects would seem to render him useless as a woman.

But never was there a greater mistake. One sweep of the hand over the strings of that lyre bespoke the master; one song from that weakly frame told of the poet's fire. Louder and louder grew the strain, denser and denser the crowd, that surrounded the bard. He sang to them of antient days: how their fathers had scorned the oppressor's chain; how they had fought and conquered; how they had bought with their blood that freedom, which they, their sons, enjoyed. Were they to be degenerate? Were they to shame their sires? Were they to show themselves base cowardlings, and to fear the advance? Let them think on bygone days? Let them recall their former glories, and not only prove themselves the worthy descendants of their fathers, but even outdo them in their deeds of worth. And, as he sang, their eyes flashed, and their whole souls began to be ablaze. He ceased, but the cry was still for more. Again uprose the strain, as it has uprisen in our own Land.

“By the hope within us springing,  
Herald of to-morrow's strife;  
By that sun, whose light is bringing  
Chains or freedom, death or life—  
Oh! remember, life can be  
No charm for him, who lives not free!  
Like the day-star in the wave,  
Sinks a hero to his grave  
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears”.

Wild and excited, with the briny drops rolling down their cheeks, those rugged men leaped to their feet. They demanded of the poet to lead them on to battle, and to give no other commands than those which his “wild harp”, and his still wilder songs should utter.

“They rose to guard their fatherland—  
In stern resolve they rose—  
In bearing firm, in purpose grand—  
To meet the world as foes.  
Oh! 't was a proud and solemn sight,  
To mark that broad array  
Come forth to claim a nation's right  
'Gainst all who dared gainsay;  
And despots shrunk appalled to view  
The men who bore,  
From shore to shore,  
[Such] arms . . . . .”\*

\* *Spirit of the Nation*, p. 205. “The Arms of Eighty-two”.  
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In a moment he is at their head. And, as they march to victory, he never ceases to animate his warriors, now braced up, and nerved for the fight. They come in sight of the foe: they rush on enamored of the fray: they engage: but amid all the din of the combat are heard these weird-like notes; and far away in advance is seen the bard, his figure now heroic, as he bends o'er the chords, and with a countenance as of one inspired, with flashing eyes, and with the voice of a god rather than of a man, he pours forth a torrent of song, which, as the lava rushes from the volcano, or the molten metal from the furnace, spreads all around, and rushes on in a resistless stream.

As a consequence, Sparta's soldiers were victorious, though at a great cost of time, of blood, and of noble souls. But what recked they of that?

“ They won her right—they passed away,  
Within the tomb they rest,  
And coldly lies the mournful clay  
Above each manly breast”.\*

The victorious army returns, the harp of its leader now giving forth jubilant sounds of triumph, now melting all around by its mournful notes of requiem for the brave that had fallen. A wreath of evergreens decks the poet's brow; the whole population of the city turns out to meet him. With shouts of greeting, with tears of gratitude, Tyrtæus of Miletus, a stranger and an alien, is enrolled a citizen of Sparta; and whilst the Lacedæmonian state lasted, his martial airs were always played before the army, as it went into battle.

Such was then the effect of a National music; and such is it still. In a stranger's land what Irishman's heart but is gladdened,

“ Should some notes he used to love  
In days of boyhood meet his ear;  
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!  
Waking thoughts that long have slept.  
Kindling former smiles again  
In faded eyes that long have wept”.

As our greatest Irish Bard writes in his Preface to the *Melodies*: “ Music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next, and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it”.

\* *Spirit of the Nation*, as above.



If, then, this be true of the music, how applicable must it also be to the words adapted to that music. If the airs themselves recall to our minds the grand old days of "Brian the Brave", or those, in which

"Malachi wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the proud invader"

of the Green Isle, what feelings of humiliation and yet of hope ought not to be inspired by the words of Moore, of Davis, of Williams, of M'Carthy, and of the whole host of writers, whose poems the *Spirit of the Nation* has embalmed in its pages.

With this work we have joined another, whose careful perusal we would press upon all our readers. It is one, which is in every way to be recommended. The lovers of the real poetry of the heart's best affections will find in its simpler poems much to gratify his tastes for the natural; whilst those, whose aspirations are national and patriotic, will find in *The Songs of the Rising Nation* much, that will at once encourage the hopeful, cheer the desponding, and stir up to real work for their country all, whose soul's desire it is to see Ireland once more take her rightful place amongst the nations of the world.

In the pages of the two publications Tyrtæus might seem to breathe again. Do we wish for a war song as of old? We find it in M'Cann's "O'Donnell Abu",\* one stanza of which we may quote:

"Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,  
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,  
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—  
All, all who would scare them are famished or slain.  
Grasp every stalwart hand,  
Hackbut and battle brand—  
Pay them all back the deep debt so long due:  
Norris and Clifford well  
Can of Tir-Connaill tell,  
Onward to glory—O'Donnell Abu".

The same war cry is thus adapted by Mr. Forrester:†

"Brightly our swords in the sunlight are gleaming,  
Mountain and valley re-echo our tread,  
Proudly above us the sun-burst is streaming,  
Firm is each footstep, erect every head.  
Ages of trampled right lend our arms threefold might,  
Slaves to the stranger no longer we'll be,  
Soon shall the foeman fly, when our fierce battle-cry  
Waketh the nation—Our land shall be free.

\* *Spirit of the Nation*, p. 194.

† *Songs of the Rising Nation*, p. 140, "Our Land shall be Free (1798)".

"The spirit of Brian is hovering o'er us,  
 And the shades of our fathers arise from their graves ;  
 Trembling we 'll drive the base foeman before us,  
 Whilst there 's blood in our veins we will never be slaves !  
 Erin has bent too long under a load of wrong,  
 But now she arises erect from her knee,  
 And by the God that gave strength to the true and brave.  
 Death will be ours, or—our land will be free".

Our readers will recognise in each of these extracts the ring of the true metal. The same spirit is visible throughout, whether the poet's appeal be made to the higher, or to the more pathetic feelings of the heart. A few such singers will effect much. The fruit of their toil they themselves may not live to see, but others shall enter into their labors; and the seeds thus planted in a soil so abundantly watered by the blood of Saints, of Martyrs, and of Heroes, cannot but bring forth a thousand-fold.

To all we would specially commend these two publications. They are racy of the soil. Without choosing to endorse their every sentiment, we find them, when taken as a whole, to be everything an Irishman could wish them; and, if all of them have not the polish and finish of the *Irish Odes and other Poems*, of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, whose compositions we lately reviewed,\* they have, nevertheless, that in them, which must serve to keep up their love of fatherland and of their religion, which, *pace* Mr. W. Steuart Trench, is the essential characteristic of the Irish Nation.

And when all shall be accomplished, that Erin's sons long after; when once more she shall be, as of old,

"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea",

the Island of Saints, and the nursery of piety for all nations, with what gratitude will not the then men recall the names of those, who like Moore, "Speranza", D. F. M'Carthy, M'Cann, Williams, the Forresters, and so many others, bore the burthen and heat of the day; who wearied their brains, and risked their very freedom, that they might stir up that spirit, for which their fathers bled and died, that spirit of longing for an end to Ireland's sorrow and Ireland's wrongs, which, at one time, seemed to be growing cold. Then shall they sing in joyful recollection and with a grateful memory of those, who had worked for them, and bled for them, aye, and died for them the most shameful of deaths,

“ We reap the harvest of their seed,  
So victors still they be  
From faction they our people freed,  
AND NOW OUR LAND IS FREE !”\*

To conclude our notice without a word of thanks to the publishers, to whose care and enterprise we owe the two works before us, would be ungrateful. Mr. Duffy's name needs only to be mentioned as the pioneer and the builder-up of Irish literature, whether sacred or profane; and Messrs. Cameron and Ferguson, of Glasgow, are his worthy coadjutors. We trust we shall see their patriotic efforts crowned with the success they merit; whilst we can assure them that they have earned the gratitude of a people, which, without their endeavors, would have been poor indeed in a National Literature. We hope their efforts to develop the naturally rich literary resources of Ireland may be crowned with the success they deserve, and that they may have no reason to regret the pains they have taken, and the expense they must have been put to in bringing out in such an elegant form the two books we have just noticed.

\* *Songs of the Rising Nation*, p. 181, “The Convict's Dream”.



## Stray Leaves from Irish History.

NO. I.

*The 22nd October, 1641.*

“ Rebellion! foul dishonoring word,  
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained  
The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
Of mortal ever lost or gained!  
How many a spirit born to bless,  
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,  
Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
Hath wafted to eternal fame!”

**T**HERE is no portion of our history more misrepresented than the Insurrection of 1641, and none which it is more desirable to have properly understood.

For this purpose let us shortly travel back some thirty years.

In 1613, James the First issued what he called a *Commission of Grace* to his Irish subjects. By this document the antient Irish Tenures of Tanistry and Gavelkind were abolished.

Those Tenures gave the occupants an estate for life only in the land; hence nothing accrued to the Crown from Attainders. The services, theretofore, rendered by the occupiers to their Lords were, by this Commission, commuted into a fixed annual rent. The new patents to the proprietors reserved the Fee to the Crown, so that, on any act of “Constructive Treason”, the whole interest would revert to the Sovereign.

The first so-called “Commission of Grace” was followed by Commissions issued to “inquire into the state of defective titles in Ireland”. Under these, many estates of Catholic owners were declared forfeited.

Charles the First ascended the throne in the year 1625.

In 1626 the Irish proprietors entered into an arrangement with him to pay £120,000, within three years, by annual instalments of £40,000. In addition to this they paid his Majesty a further sum of £40,000, making together £160,000. For this they were to be quieted in possession of their estates, and the Oath of Supremacy was to be dispensed with in their regard.

A proclamation to this effect was issued by the then chief governor, Lord Faulkland; but his lordship was removed before it was carried into effect.

His successor, Lord Strafford, in defiance of his Sovereign's contract, stayed the grant of the Graces, and renewed the Commission of inquiry into defective titles. The Catholic Chiefs



remonstrated against this from time to time, but in vain. So matters went on for some years, the Catholic proprietors making allowance for the difficulties of the Sovereign in his contest with the English Puritans. Hence, in the Irish Parliament of 1640, the former joined in voting all the supplies for the service of the state. The King's subsequent letter, and the order issued upon it for levying these supplies, made no reference to the promised Graces.

In fact, the King's compact was broken by his Minister. "The Graces", which the Catholics purchased from his Majesty, were withheld; they found their titles to their estates questioned, and new burthens imposed upon them.

In England his Majesty was brought into direct collision with Parliament.

Upon January the 4th, 1641, he went down to the House of Commons for the purpose of having arrested five members, for words spoken by them in the house. The Commons treated this as a breach of their privileges; the obnoxious members, timely warned, retired down the river by boat. This may be taken as the commencement of what is called in England "the Great Rebellion".

On May the 12th, 1641, that arch-enemy of Ireland, Strafford, was beheaded. In this country the memory of "Black Tom" (as he is called) is held in horror to this day. Within a short distance of the town of Naas, on the old Mail-coach road to Limerick, is a large unfinished building composed of red brick, called Jigginstown House. It was commenced by the Earl of Strafford, but never finished.

In a Scotch history of this man it is recorded, that, when he was opposed in any measure of importance which he wished to carry, he was in the habit of saying, "And I shall be answerable for it with my head". So tested, and being found wanting, the English Parliament insisted upon his Sovereign's taking him at his word: they were obeyed, and Strafford was executed.

To return to the Irish chieftains and their fortunes. We left them at the adjournment of the Irish Parliament on the 7th August, 1641, robbed of their properties, forfeitures and poverty staring them in the face, their Sovereign unable to protect them, and nothing but their good swords to defend them. They at once took counsel together, and arranged for a simultaneous rising on October the 23rd, 1641. The chiefs of the rising were, Roger, or Rory O'More, the despoiled chieftain of Leix; Connor, Lord Maguire, second Baron of Enniskillen; Ebor Mac Mahon, Chieftain of Farney (now Monaghan); and Sir Phelim O'Neill. The outlines of the plan were:

1st, That Roger O'More, General Preston, and Colonel Plunkett should seize Dublin Castle and any forts adjoining, where arms were likely to be found. They were to be reinforced with such other gentlemen as they could induce to join them. Only one hundred men were to be employed in the first instance. Colonel Dillon of Mayo undertook to join at Dublin within four days after the 23rd. One thousand men were also promised from the North.

2nd, Every person privy to the matter throughout the kingdom should rise on the 23rd, seize all the forts and arms in their respective Counties, make all the gentlemen prisoners for safety sake, but not for the purpose of violence.

3rd, Sir Phelim O'Neill was appointed to take Charlemont fort, now forming part of the County Armagh.

4th, Sir James Dillon was to take the fort and town of Galway.

5th, Sir Morgan Cavanagh was to take Duncannon, an important maritime fort in the county of Wexford, commanding the entrance to Waterford harbor.

6th, The forces of O'Neill, O'Reilly, Mac Mahon, and Maguire were to march upon Dublin immediately after the 23rd.

There were, in those days, two gates to Dublin Castle, the Great and the Little. The Little Gate led to the Castle Stables and to the Armory, which was without the Castle. To this gate were appointed the Leinster men, whilst the Ulster men were to enter by the Great Gate. Two hundred men were to be told off for the enterprise, being one hundred from Leinster and one hundred from Ulster.

So matters stood on the eventful October the 22nd, 1641. Upon that day Lord Maguire arrived in Dublin; and the chiefs held a meeting for final arrangements. It was then found that neither the forces of O'Neill, Mac Mahon, nor Sir Morgan Cavanagh had arrived, and of the two hundred men appointed for the Castle service, only eighty were present. Notwithstanding all this, it was resolved to persevere, and the party broke up intending to meet again upon the morrow.

Lord Maguire brought with him to the meeting a person named Owen Conolly. The other chiefs remonstrated at this intrusion, but in vain. Maguire declared that if Conolly were not permitted to remain, he (Maguire) would also retire and withdraw "his Ulster men". This threat unfortunately prevailed.

Immediately after the Council, Owen Conolly gave information of what passed to Sir William Parsons, one of the lords justices. They at once appointed Sir Charles Coote Governor

of Dublin, and issued a proclamation against the Confederates, in which they were declared "Traitors and Enemies", and large rewards offered for their apprehension. So far Lord Maguire's statement. (Vide *State Trials*.)

At this point Mr. Gilbert, in his valuable book, *Streets of Dublin*, takes up the narrative. According to his account, Lord Maguire was arrested in Cooke Street on the following day (23rd October), at the house of one Hearne, a tailor, by John Woodcock, one of the Sheriffs of Dublin. He was found in a cock loft, with a cloak wrapped about him, standing by a bed, the door locked upon him, and no key to be had. MacMahon, according to Mr. Gilbert, was grandson of the great Hugh O'Neill, and had served as Lieutenant-Colonel under the King of Spain. He was arrested on the information of Conolly, on the morning of the 23rd, and brought before the Council; where he avowed his connection with the Confederates.

Mac Mahon and Lord Maguire were illegally transmitted for trial to London, tried there for high treason on the 10th of February, 1644, and, being found guilty, were hung at Tyburn. With his Lordship the title became extinct. It is probably in reference to the execution of these two Noblemen that our own poet Moore so beautifully says,

"Blood like this,  
For Liberty shed, so holy is,  
It would not stain the purest rill  
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss.  
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,  
'T is the last libation Liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause".

Fortunately for himself and his country, Roger O'More had his misgivings of Owen Conolly. After the meeting of the 22nd, he removed from his lodgings in Bridge Street, and slept at a house on Usher's Island, on the River Liffey. Lord Maguire says, that immediately after the meeting he (his Lordship) returned to his lodgings at one Newell's, a surgeon, in Castle Street. About nine o'clock that evening O'More and Captain Fox came and told him "that all was discovered, the city in arms, and the gates closed!"

The following morning Roger O'More heard of the arrest of Maguire and MacMahon, and of the Lords Justices' proclamation. His safety had been provided for by some faithful followers, who dressed him and themselves in sailors' clothes, and rowed him down the river to Island Bridge. Thence he reached his daughter Sarsfield's, at Lucan, about seven miles from

Dublin; he rested there for a few hours, and proceeded to his residence at Balyna. There he was within a morning's ride of the celebrated Franciscan Monastery of Multifarnham, on the banks of Lough Derevearagh in Westmeath.

Those Fathers were deeply interested in the rising, many of the arrangements for which were made there. Multifarnham was on the direct route from Balyna into Ulster, having water conveyance thence by Lake Derevearagh and the upper and lower rivers Inny into Longford and Cavan. He succeeded in joining the Northern Confederates under the command of his relative, Sir Phelim O'Neill.

On the 22nd October that chief possessed himself of Charlemont and Dungannon forts. Amongst the spoil, he found a patent belonging to Lord Caulfield. He cut off the royal seal from it, and affixed it to a forged commission, purporting to be from Charles the First, authorising him to raise men and money for the royal cause. By this means he was soon in command of thirty thousand troops, such as they were. With these he afterwards marched upon Drogheda, before which town they were on 24th November.

Shortly afterwards the Confederate Catholics, including those of the Pale as well as the Northern Irish, met at the celebrated Hill of Tara in Meath, where they framed an address directed to the Marquis of Clanricarde, in which they declared "that the only scope and purpose of our taking up arms, is for the honor of God, to obtain a free exercise of the antient Catholic Roman religion, so long and so constantly adhered to by us and our progenitors in this kingdom, whereof we are threatened to be utterly deprived, and from which nothing but death or utter extirpation shall remove us".

Sir Phelim O'Neill outlived the Civil War. He was ultimately taken by the Republican Government in February, 1663, tried by a new tribunal, which they called a High Court of Justice, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Whilst in prison and immediately before his execution, he was offered his life and liberty on the sole condition of admitting that the document upon which he acted in October, 1641, was a genuine commission from Charles the First, which he refused to do. After his execution his head was set upon the gate that stood at the foot of the old bridge, Dublin, his body having been cut into quarters and sent to different parts of the kingdom.

Mr. Prendergast has succeeded in discovering the subsequent fate of Roger O'More. He was a distinguished member of the Confederate Catholics of Kilkenny during the existence of that body. At its termination, after the surrender of Galway to



Read, and the end of the War, he escaped into Donegal, where he lay concealed several years, and died at Magilligan, on the banks of Lough Foyle. Well may be applied to each of those brave men, the words of our native Bard:

“For he would rather houseless roam  
Where freedom and his God might lead,  
Than be the sleekest slave at home  
That crouches to the conquerors’ creed”.

OLD MORTALITY.

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### The Evening Star.\*

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#### A SONG.

Oh, sweetly shines the summer’s sun,  
When heaven from cloud is free;  
And brightly gleams the moonlight on  
Field, rock, and forest tree:  
But to the pensive heart of love,  
Oh, sweeter than these by far,  
It is with devious step to rove  
Beneath the Evening Star!

To others give the festive hall,  
Where wine-cups shine in light,  
The music of the crowded ball,  
With beauty’s lustre bright:  
But give to me the lonely dell,  
Oh, sweeter than these by far,  
Where pine trees wave, and waters swell  
Beneath the Evening Star!

DR. MOIR (“DELTA” of BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE).

\* One, who takes a great interest in the success of the CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, has kindly put at our disposal three unpublished poems of Dr. Moir, the “Delta” of *Blackwood’s Magazine*. The above is one: the others shall appear in due course.

## Hector Ingleford ; or, the Onward Course.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SLIGHTLY RETROSPECTIVE.

AS we have seen, Hector was a small boy of about fourteen, delicately made, and slightly built. He was of a weakly constitution enough, but for his physical deficiencies he amply made up by his indomitable, bantam-like pluck and coolness, of which my readers have already seen proof. His temper was not easily roused, but, once up, woe betide the unfortunate wight, who raised it. If he were a boy of his own age, or even considerably beyond it, nine times out of ten he would find that Hector was able to give him some striking proofs of his superiority, and that with Celtic blood he had also inherited no little share of Celtic courage.

To this he had a fair claim, for, though his father was English, young Ingleford's mother came of an antient Highland Clan, whose members had done good service in the old Scottish wars; who had fought in the rising of '15, and had also been out in the '45, sacrificing their all, nay, their very lives, for him, whom they reckoned their rightful king.

Hector's eyes had opened on the purpling hills of the Gael, and till his thirteenth year their dress had been his.

He had lived amid the romantic scenery of Scotland; and for some years his school-days had been passed in Edinburgh, within sight of the Firth of Forth, the distant prospect of the hills of Perth, and the historic Castle of Stirling.

In his thirteenth year he left Scotland; but to him this was no great trial. He looked forward to a change, and hardly cared what brought it about. He saw, indeed, that there was some grave reason, which caused his father to look anxious, and his mother's brow to grow sad; but he found himself clothed and fed as before, and knew not that his father had to begin life anew, with nothing to fall back on but his professional gains.

Yet so it was. A commercial failure had brought ruin to many a household, and multitudes were in worse plight than Hector's family.

Dr. Ingleford was, indeed, a ruined man; but he was young, and had a wife, who, by her energy and economy, nobly seconded his exertions to regain his lost wealth. They determined, therefore, to quit a place so dear to them all, and to start fair in the small English country town of Alnham, where we first found them.

The children grew apace, and their education was a serious consideration. The town certainly boasted a Grammar School, but not of the sort, which could afford the prospect of a training such as would be needful for one, who, like Hector, aspired to a learned profession.

Here, however, he was placed, much against his will, as the boys were all of a class much below himself. The old Adam would assert itself; and no persuasions to the contrary could ever bring Hector to be any thing more than barely civil to those, who were, for the present, his companions.

This pride was unfortunately rather fostered than otherwise by his master, who was a good scholar, but a great toady; one, who would bow down before even the shadow of birth, and in whose eyes not even the lapse of centuries could efface the stamp of nobility. The name, therefore, of Robert Bruce appearing in the roll of Hector's ancestry was enough for him; and he treated the boy with a subserviency, which, all unaccustomed as he was to it, might have gone far to spoil him for life, had it not been for the judicious training of his parents.

Hector was treated as the gentleman by excellence of the school, and allowed to come and go, to stay away, or to put in an appearance at his studies, pretty much as he pleased. Had he a quarrel with any of the boys, his adversary was sure to get the worst of it, if the master heard anything of the matter; and on one occasion, when Hector appeared in school with a well-merited black eye, even the powerful influence of his own intercession on behalf of his victorious antagonist was hardly sufficient to save the assaulter of the descendant of kings from a severe flogging.

I need hardly say that neither Dr. Ingleford, whose professional duties caused him to be much away from home, nor his wife, who was ever on household cares intent, knew either of Master Hector's goings-on, or of his master's folly.

They were, indeed, far from satisfied with the school, but kept the boy there, that he might at all events be learning something, till an opening on the foundation should occur at the far-famed Cathedral School of Bedeham in an adjacent county. These King's-Scholarships, as they were called, were open to all the boy world under fifteen years of age, who could pass a stiff examination in Greek and Latin translation, and Latin Prose and English Composition. No one knew beforehand the subjects, in which he was likely to be examined, nor, if a stranger, the style of examination in vogue. All that was certainly known was, that, on a certain day, and at a certain hour, the youthful candidates would have to appear before the Dean and Chapter in the Cathedral Chapter House, to be there and then fired at

in turn by those "most potent, grave, and reverend seniors" for the space of some hours—an ordeal formidable enough to most boys, but doubly so to one of a temperament so shy and nervous as Hector's.

It was, however, fixed that he should compete, as, independently of the honor attaching to success, to obtain one of these prizes afforded the winner a first-rate education at one of the oldest and most celebrated of the English Public Schools, free of all expense.

When, therefore, his father pointed out to him the advantages which would be his, as well as the help it would give to the straitened means of the household, should he succeed, Hector went to work at his studies with a will and determination that augured well for his prospects of success.

His master, anxious for his own reputation, worked hard with his pupil, and in course of time became as deeply interested in the event, as if he himself were the candidate.

The whole town, for it was but a village after all, became excited; and many and various were the speculations as to the issue of the examination—an excitement which grew more and more intense, as the day approached. Six vacancies were announced, two more than the usual average; but for these the School alone was to send up thirty candidates, trained by the masters with a special view to this competition. How many outsiders, like Hector, there would be, was quite unknown; judging, however, from past years, they might fairly be set down at twenty more.

The odds were pretty considerable, although in the case of Hector they served but to nerve him to greater exertion. Knowing what was at stake, he worked on steadily; he spoke but little on the subject, though he felt its importance none the less.

He had made up his mind to succeed; for, though shaky in his Greek translation, he was well grounded in his grammar, and was, for his age, a really good Latin and English scholar. His Greek he could easily make up in the six months, which still intervened before the examination; and his spare time could be devoted to the improvement of his style in Latin and English Composition. His ambition was to go to the university; and he knew that success in this would be the first stepping-stone towards the fulfilment of his desires.

Early and late, therefore, he read on, denying himself even wholesome recreation, and shutting himself up in his own room, to the intense disgust and wonderment of his brothers and sisters, who had always been accustomed to look on the after-school-hours as their legitimate property, and Hector as their rightful spoil.



Hard work it was, and knocking-up enough, but Hector, determined not to give in, never relaxed his study for one moment, unless when his father, fearing for his health, ordered him to throw his books to the wind for some hours, and to indulge his petitioners with the game of romps, for which their souls longed. One only interruption took place, for which Dr. Ingleford was not responsible; what it was my first Chapter showed. On Hector its effects were a violent fever, which disabled him for a month, and threw him back very far in his studies. To this day, even his mother does not know the reason for her son's excitement during that evening, nor the cause of that illness, when for four days his life seemed to hang in the balance between life and death.

Though he had lost much time by his illness, Hector determined, notwithstanding, to work on, and to take his chance. He was hopeless as to his Greek; but he still trusted to the chapter of accidents to pull him through by means of his Latin and English. Week after week flew by; and soon it was a question of days. Alas for Hector, letters from Bedeham announced that the number of external candidates was thirty-two, making sixty-two in all for the six vacancies. Of these externs some were known to him as crack scholars, well trained by first-rate tutors; of the rest he might safely reckon on some more of a like sort.

Once more his father put it to him, was it worth the journey to Bedeham with its attendant expenses, the excitement of the examination, and the risk of failure. His own wish, he said, was that Hector should stand, and take his chance, but he had no desire to force him to do so against his inclinations. He told him, moreover, that if he did not go up, or if he failed to succeed in gaining the Scholarship, he could not afford to give him an university education, and that he must go to some business, instead of taking to a profession.

The very name of business was enough for Hector. His foolish pride revolted at the notion; and the idea of himself seated on a high stool with a pen behind his ear, and condemned to pore over ledgers and day-books, or to traffic in sugars or cottons, had something in it so repulsive to his mind, that, without any further comment on his father's remarks, he turned on his heel, and left the house in disgust.

In vain did Dr. Ingleford call after him: in vain were the surrounding woods searched for him; he had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found.

Accustomed as his father was to his son's wayward humors, there was that in the boy's demeanor, which argued something

more than one of his ordinary fits of obstinacy. A little anxious, therefore, as to the result, he went his daily rounds with a foreboding of evil in his mind.

Hardly had he left the house before he met a police-officer, who was coming with the unwelcome intelligence, that Hector had been seen at the recruiting-office, in a neighbouring village; and that it was believed he had enlisted as a drummer.

On arriving at the Chequers, a tavern which the recruiting officers most affected, the Doctor found that the report was in part true. Hector had, indeed, applied, but fortunately, the magistrates, recognising him, refused to attest the son of a brother Justice without knowing more of the matter.

Disappointed in this endeavor, Hector thought it would, perhaps, be best to get home again before the report should get known to his parents. Home, therefore, he crept, later in the evening, looking very small, and feeling very penitent for his escapade.

His mother, he soon saw, knew nothing of his day's proceedings, but concluded that he had been kept a little later than usual by his master. His father was still out; but, on coming home, significantly pointing to his horsewhip, he warned Hector to be a little less ready for the future in yielding to the dictates of his temper.

Before nightfall Hector had made a full confession to his parents, and had asked, and obtained their pardon. In addition, he told his father of his determination to face whatever odds there might be against him, and to go in for, and to win the Foundation Scholarship.

The intervening days speedily flew past, and there now remained but two before the all-important examination.

Amid the general anxiety both inside and outside the home-circle, Hector alone seemed unaffected. Whether it were that he thought well of his prospects, or whether he had no prospects at all, none could say. Not even to his mother would he confide his thoughts; but was content to be left alone, and to be pointed at as the only one, who, though most concerned, cared least about the event of the struggle. On the morning of his departure he went off with his father, to all appearances as cool, as if about to pay a most ordinary visit.

Yet, had the truth been known, all his spare time for months before had been taken up in thinking most anxiously over his prospects. With tears he had prayed most earnestly for his success; and had often lain awake whole nights repeating over to himself *ἵστανμι, ἵημι*, and the rest of the Greek irregulars, which formed so material a part of the ordeal, through which he had to pass.

But with that dogged spirit, half shy, half obstinate, which was his peculiar bane, he would not show his anxiety, probably was ashamed to do it, lest haply he should fail, and some one might afterwards laugh at him about it.

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## CHAPTER IV.

K. S.

It is a cold November's evening. The Bedeham coach has put down two travellers cold and damp at the Inn door. The Cathedral bells are ringing out for Evening Prayers, and a few ladies are wending their ways to the old Abbey.

Hector and his father, after a thorough warm, proceed to a friend's house, where they meet two past Bedehamites, and a boy, the son of one of them, destined to be an unsuccessful candidate on the morrow.

The night is spent in recounting old recollections of the School, as it was in former days; its changes, and the scenes that used to take place when the Scholarship examinations were a mere farce, and the prize to be gained a farce greater still. They told how the bigger lads used to go round, and thrash the smaller boys till they consented to compete. How the successful candidates were thrashed for their success by the backers of the defeated; and how to the pain of defeat was added that of a "hiding" for being the innocent cause of loss to those, who had betted on them. They explained to Dr. Ingleford how a faint, glimmering light had dawned on the Dean and Chapter that this was hardly the thing; and that four pounds in the King's Books were scarcely represented by four pounds sterling of the present money. How, also, the Press of the period had shown up the iniquity of keeping to the letter of the law in the case of the boys, and of giving the benefit of the modern currency to the pluralists of the Chapter. They told also of the "Residence Dinner" given by the Residentiary for the month, when the King's Scholars were "entertained" at a solemn banquet, and expected to help the butler afterwards in putting the silver plate, etc., to rights—a state of things abolished but a few years back, whilst in its stead six pence a week pocket-money was added to the income of the boys. These and various other topics served to cheer Hector's heart, and to divert his thoughts from the awful morrow.

The next morning saw both father and son at the School-house, where they received a heartiest welcome from the good

Head Master. Having complied with all the necessary formalities, they set off "to do the lions"; an operation which took up the early part of the morning.

At a few minutes before twelve o'clock all the candidates were assembled in the Cloisters of the Cathedral; and Hector had to run the gauntlet of some sixty pairs of eyes. His small, puny figure, excited many comments; and remarks on his personal appearance and his chances, more plain than complimentary, greeted his ears on all sides. He was also very cold, which, added to every thing else, reduced him inwardly to a state of the most abject misery. Of this, however, his countenance showed not one trace.

As the clock struck twelve, it sounded to him, and doubtless to many others as a knell; and willingly would Hector have turned back. Such a step, however, was impossible; and so, without shaking his father's hand—to do that he was ashamed—but with a vigorous use of his pocket-handkerchief—which, wonderful to relate, he had not forgotten—he vanished into the Hall, and immediately the door was shut.

His place was pointed out to him, far from the fire, just under an open window. He sat himself down the picture of desolation, a desolation increased by the fact that he could not hold the pen, owing to his hand being benumbed by the cold, to say nothing of his nervousness. When, therefore, the English, which was to be translated into Latin, was read out, he was unable to copy it down; and thus, at first starting, he seemed as if about to fall hopelessly behind. Remembering, however, the steeple-chase of some months before, he still trusted to something turning up in his favor. Nor was he disappointed, for Dr. Senior, the Head Master of the School, seeing his plight, with his wonted kindness brought him forward to a table near the fire; gave him his own copy; and, with a few words of encouragement, bade him get on.

As he looked round the room and saw all hard at work, he bowed his head on his paper, and, with one short prayer for help—for as yet he believed in the efficacy of prayer—he began his task. Gradually his agitation ceased, and his ideas began to return. The Latin Prose Composition and the English he got over without much difficulty. The Latin translation and the parsing questions he also managed with ease; but the Greek,—alas, his translation was of the lowest, and his Grammar answering not much better.

He was in despair; and felt inclined to give it all up as hopeless. But a hidden voice seemed to encourage him to persevere and to go in for the *vivâ voce* in presence of the Dean and Chapter.



Now it is bad enough to pass an examination of this sort before those, to whom one is accustomed; but when the Examiners are Deans, and Canons, and Head Masters, whom one has never seen, or seen but at a distance, big swells with port wine noses, ample corporations, large calves, and imposing gaiters, their voices pompous, and their bearing donnish, what is a poor, shrinking, cowering, timorous school-boy to do, when he has to run such a gauntlet, and to stand his chance of answering whatever posers their highnesses may choose to put to him? For my own part, rather than face it, I should prefer to charge a battery of Armstrongs, to plunge into a raging sea, or to lead a forlorn hope over ground well known to be mined throughout. Through this crowning ordeal, however, Hector, *volens volens*, had to pass; and in a few moments he was called in to have his brains picked by the Great Guns.

First came Cicero's *De Amicitia*, a book he had never seen. As he heard the passages read by those above him, and noticed the awful "croppers" that some of them came over their nominative cases, he began to wonder how they could possibly make such mistakes in such company, and survive them.

Boy after boy above him was put on; and Hector felt his blood running colder and colder as his turn approached. To his horror the five boys immediately above him came to grief one by one, over one and the same chapter, and before he could collect his thoughts, his name was called.

As a desperate man flying from pursuit makes a blind rush at a high fence, and finds himself to his amazement safe over on the other side, so did Hector to his wonderment discover—to this day he knows not how he managed it—that he had not only translated the passage accurately, but had also earned a compliment for his rendering of it, from no less a personage than the Dean himself.

A few grammatical questions, which he answered correctly, brought the Latin examination to an end. The *Anabasis* of Xenophon then appeared on the stage; and Hector, who stood last, was this time put on first. The shock to his feelings was great, greater than that of the Douche Bath, and that's the worst I know. As a consequence, after a few bungling efforts at translation, he utterly collapsed; nor could any encouragement get him on. Luckily he was well able to floor the parsing questions, and to give the correct answers on some points of Syntax, according to the views propounded in a grammar, which the Dean was popularly supposed to have edited. But his translation, as well on paper as *virâ voce*, had been of the worst; reasonably enough, therefore, he gave up all hopes.

So he stood there unto the "bitter end", hoping still against hope; then all were dismissed to await the declaration. His father, with a face anxious and careworn after his long waiting about during the Examination, prudently refrained from asking him many questions, knowing that in a quarter of an hour's time Hector's fate would be decided.

The boys, now joined by all the School, are assembled at the Chapter House door. Trencher-caps are flying about in all directions; "chaff" is plenteously exchanged on every side; every one is laughing and shouting with a din absolutely deafening.

Suddenly the great doors seem to move, and an instantaneous cry of "Silence" is raised. The seething mass of heads turns eagerly towards the entrance,

And those behind cry "Forward",  
And those before cry "Back".

Surging to the front, they are at once arrested by the form of the Head Master, who stands at the entrance. He beckons with his hand, and in a moment there is a profoundest quiet. Amid breathless expectation he reads out the names

DALLAS,  
ALFORD,  
INGLEFORD,  
THOM,  
DOBBS,  
FOWLER.

Nearly fainting with excitement and astonishment, Hector finds himself the third out of sixty-two candidates, to be for the next five years a member of one of the oldest Public Schools in England, and entitled during that period to sign himself, INGLEFORD, K. S.\*

\* King's Scholar : the School being a Royal Foundation.

## Here and There.

---

### I.

Through the dreary months ahead  
 Shone the joyous birth of May;  
 Now the darling hope is dead!  
 O'er its little grave I shed  
 Sweet regrets; and, lothly-led,  
 Sadly turn away.

### II.

Here, the hum and stir of men,  
 There, God's echo of the sea;  
 Here amid the streets again,  
 Once more citted citizen,  
 Here in gloomy, London den,  
 Thinking of Torquay!

### III.

Dusty, musty, atmosphere,  
 Charnel of my murdered youth!  
 How detestable appear,  
 In their old familiar gear,  
 Hated so this many a year,  
 These grim walls, forsooth!

### IV.

Yesterday the hills to tread,  
 Heaven for my canopy,  
 Now these prison walls instead,  
 Eight by eight feet, and a dead,  
 Skyless skylight overhead,  
 Barely three by three!

### V.

What a change from those to these,  
 These for those, alack! alack!  
 Safes and files for fields and trees,  
 A mat's margin for the sea's,  
 And for offing 2s. and 3s.,  
 And an almanack!

## VI.

Here, as when I laid them by,  
 Happy I! and rushed away,  
 All my wretched papers lie,  
 Heaped together just as I  
 Huddled them in haste to fly  
 For my holiday!

## VII.

Why, it seems but few hours past,  
 Fewer than the hours ago,  
 Since my fingers touched them last,  
 And in this confusion cast;—  
 There the days flew by so fast,  
 Here that crawl so slow!

## VIII.

How I hate each taunting 'mem',  
 Written as 't were yesterday—  
 Worse than once I hated them,  
 Problem, thesis, theorem!  
 What a flourish to the 'M',  
 As 'twere meant for *May!*

## IX.

Chaucer, Tennyson, Shelley, Keats,  
 Alighieri, Boccaccio,  
 All my literary pets  
 Given up for books of debts,  
 And the loathsome lore of Letts,  
 Cocker, Sons, and Co.!

## X.

Here is darkness, toil, and taint,  
 All is peace and beauty there,  
 Here my spirit waxeth faint,  
 Fettered in this foul restraint;  
 Here a sinner, there a saint,  
 For the change of air!

## XI.

Breathe I cannot, thus oppressed,  
 I shall stifle if I stay;—  
 Peace, my soul! a time for jest,  
 Time for work and time for rest:  
 Achieve thy task; then take thy best,  
 Last, long, holiday!



## Fundamental Principles of Mechanics.

---

THE science of Mechanics consists of two great divisions; in the one, called *Statics*, the relations of forces (that is of whatever prevents, produces, or tends to produce motion) are considered when no motion follows; in the other, called *Dynamics*, their relations when motion is produced. The application of the principles arising from the conception of force being somewhat simpler in Statics than in Dynamics, it is usual to commence works on Mechanics with that part. In an examination, therefore, of the propositions used for the foundation of Mechanics, it will be more in accordance with usage to commence with Statics. This order, too, follows the order of discovery, but in certain cases the first principles receive considerable illustration from some regard to the primary conceptions of motion.

2. The principal propositions, on which the science of Statics has been constructed, are the principle of the lever, used by Archimedes; of virtual velocities, used by Descartes and Torricelli for the first time; and the composition of forces, first referred to explicitly by Newton and Varignon. All these principles are reducible to still simpler cases or axioms, from which the more complex may be derived. These axioms of Mechanics are, 1° that forces may be represented in magnitude and direction by straight lines; 2° that, since lines are subjects of geometrical investigation, the truths proved of the lines will be true of the forces they represent. These two axioms seem to furnish the simplest foundations for the science, and, as will be shown, give the simplest proofs of the principle of composition of forces, which has been used as the groundwork of Statics in all treatises on the subject, from Newton's time to the present, with one notable exception. The first of these axioms has been made use of by almost all writers; but, though the second appears as self-evident as the first, yet it has not been used in the first demonstrations, but the writers have returned (after showing that every thing respecting forces not producing motion can be accurately represented by right lines) to other conceptions of force, such as, that forces equal in magnitude and opposite in direction are in equilibrium; that a force may be considered as acting at any point in its direction rigidly connected with its point of application; etc.

3. The principle of the lever in its simplest form is, that two equal forces acting in the same direction at opposite extremities of a rigid bar without weight, are in equilibrium with double

the force acting in an opposite direction on the middle point of the bar. Archimedes made use of this principle in the very simple form just written. He then reduced to this the case of unequal weights, by considering the weights when commensurable, divided into parts, each equal to their common measure, and that each of these parts could be separated and taken from one part to another of the lever at equal distances from the point of section of the lever, into parts inversely proportional to the weights, each distance being the part of the lever divided into as many parts as the two weights taken together. Of course, if one of the weights acts upwards, it is to be considered negative, and what has been just called the sum becomes the arithmetical difference.

4. Stevinus, Galileo, and nearer to the present time, Vince, have made the proofs of this proposition more simple, by supposing the weights to be cylindrical or prismatic bars suspended from their middle points, their lengths, taken together, being equal to twice the length of the lever. This contrivance, though probably original with these writers, was nevertheless applied in a particular case by Archimedes himself. The only other author, who has endeavoured either to modify or supplement the proof of this proposition furnished by Archimedes, is Huyghens. He objected to the assumption of Archimedes, which is tacitly supposed in his proof, that equal weights on several equidistant points of a lever have the same effect in turning the lever about any point, as if all these weights were collected at the middle between the extreme weights. His demonstration is that given of the principle in Galbraith and Haughton's excellent elementary book on the subject.

5. By applying the principle of superposition, it is easily seen that, if the arms of a lever make any angle at the fulcrum, the forces perpendicular to the arms at their extremities are in equilibrium, if they are inversely proportional to the lengths of the arms, and in the same plane. Using the additional principle, which is evident enough, that forces may act at any point in their direction, if rigidly connected with their point of application, this last theorem proves that two inclined forces are supported by a single force, such that, if perpendiculars are let fall on the directions of the given forces from any point of it, these perpendiculars are inversely proportional to the forces; which shows that the supporting force must act in the diagonal of the parallelogram, whose sides represent in magnitude and direction the two forces. Thus from the principle of the lever can be deduced that of composition of forces.

6. The second proposition, which has been used for establish-

ing the principles of Statics, is that of virtual velocities. By virtual velocity is meant the distance, that would be passed over by a point of application of a force, if the force could produce motion in the shortest time of action of the force; or, without regard to time at all, it may be considered as the change made in the point of application of a force to another point very near in the direction of the force. The virtual velocity estimated in any direction, is the change made in the position of the point multiplied into the cosine of the angle between the direction of the change and the given direction. The principle of virtual velocities in its simplest form is, that forces are in equilibrium, when they are inversely proportional to their virtual velocities estimated in the direction of these forces. This principle is often practically expressed in the case of simple machines by saying that what is gained in power is lost in time; for the power and weight pass over space inversely proportional to their magnitude.

7. Though this is a very simple principle, so much so, that it is commonly used by artisans, yet it does not appear to have been known to the ancients. Guido Ubaldo first showed its truth for the lever and pulley; Galileo showed its truth in the case of the inclined plane. Descartes, Wallis, Torricelli, made use of principles which are easily reducible to virtual velocities. The first mathematician, however, who perceived the universality of this principle, was John Bernoulli.

8. With regard to the principle of virtual velocities itself, it is, when generally expressed, not sufficiently simple to be regarded as axiomatic. Proofs have therefore been given of it, of which we shall indicate the most ingenious—that given by Lagrange. This proof will be found in Pratt's *Mechanical Philosophy*, or in Todhunter's *Statics*. It depends on the following principle as an axiom, namely, that if a cord supports any force (or weight), all parts of the cord are under the same tension. By considering the cord as twisted about the point of application of each force, and another fixed point in its direction, as often as there are units of force contained in it, a single unit of force acting at the extremity of the cord will, in accordance with the principle just mentioned, give total forces equal to the actual ones, and acting in their direction at their several points of application. Since all forces at rest may be replaced by a weight, the unit of force may be taken as a unit of weight, and by properly suspending the last string, this weight will of course hang down vertically. If this weight could descend, it would from its natural tendency descend; there is, therefore, equilibrium, when it cannot descend. Now, if A, B, C, etc., denote the num-



ber of units of force in each force, and, therefore, the number of cords acting at the points of application of these forces, and if  $a, b, c$ , etc., are the very small distances moved by each point in case of a small disturbance, the fixed point in the direction of the first force comes nearer to its point of application by  $a$ , and the cord is lengthened by  $Aa$ , that is, so much of the cord is taken away from between these two points. Similarly, the cord is lengthened by  $Bb$ , by  $Cc$ , etc., therefore, the total lengthening of the cord is  $Aa + Bb + Cc$ , etc.; but the unit force or weight descends by the total length of the cord taken away; and, in case of equilibrium, it does not descend: therefore,

$$Aa + Bb + Cc, \text{ etc.} = 0$$

is the equation of equilibrium, which is the analytical expression of the principle of virtual velocities.

9. The third fundamental proposition, which has been made the foundation of Statics by all mathematicians since the time of Newton, with the notable exception of Lagrange, was at first employed without proof. In fact, from its first appearance until it was demonstrated by Daniel Bernoulli, it was considered as a sort of corollary or inference, tacitly drawn from the principle of composition of motion in Dynamics, by a sort of application of the argument of progressive approach, or, as it is generally known in Mathematics, the law of continuity. This latter proposition was known to the antients, and is given by Aristotle; it was also used by the antient geometers as in their spiral of Archimedes, in the conchoid of Nicomedes, etc. From this principle can be easily derived by application of the principle above mentioned, the proposition in question. It is but saying that the diagonal of a parallelogram represents the compound motion represented in magnitude and direction by two sides of the parallelogram meeting in that diagonal, no matter how slow the motion is; it would consequently be the same, if the motion were indefinitely small, or if the lines only represented hypothetical motions or forces.

10. This reasoning or some such similar process, though inconclusive, first led to explicit mention of this proposition. The proposition itself, however, under another form, was given by Stevinus, who, by an ingenious hypothesis, demonstrated the law of equilibrium on an inclined plane. He considered a triangle placed in a vertical plane with its base horizontal; over the two sides of this triangle is hung a closed uniform chain, the lower part hanging below the horizontal base; this lower part he considered as in equilibrium of itself, as is evident, and, therefore, the upper part, is also in equilibrium: that is, two weights hung over the vertex of a triangle, and at rest, must be proportional to the lengths of the side of the triangle if the base is horizontal.



Hence the resistance of the plane, the force supporting the body on the plane and the weight of the body are proportional to the sides of a triangle parallel to them, which is nothing else than this proposition.

11. This composition of motion was used by Galileo, Descartes, Wallis, etc. Newton was, however, the first, who gave an explicit statement of this proposition in a few words in a corollary to the third law of motion. Varignon about the same time introduced the principle of moments, by means of which this proposition becomes applicable to parallel forces also. This principle of moments is a geometrical proposition transferred to Mechanics, which may be stated thus: Triangles being drawn with a common vertex, and having for bases the sides and diagonal of a parallelogram through the same point, that on the diagonal is equal to the sum or difference of the other two, according as the vertex is outside or inside the parallelogram. By expressing the double areas of the triangles, and calling the moment the double area, the forces being considered as the sides, and the diagonal as resultant, it follows that the moment of the force, represented by the diagonal of a parallelogram about any point, is equal to the sum of the moments of the forces, represented by the sides about the same point, meaning by sum the algebraic sum according as the perpendicular is at one side or the other.

12. The first proof of this proposition, founded on pure notions of forces at rest, was given by Daniel Bernoulli. His axiom expressed in its greatest generality, is, that, if forces in equilibrium can be resolved into other forces, these forces may be compounded or resolved in any manner, and they will still be in equilibrium. This, though giving a very simple solution, has been censured as in part begging the question. Other solutions go on the principle of sufficient reason, condemned by Mill, as in a solution given by D'Alembert, in which he takes as axiom that three equal forces acting on a point and making angles of  $120^\circ$  with one another, are in equilibrium, which certainly is self-evident to any one, who has a proper idea of the terms, but yet is objected to for the reason given for it, namely, that there is no reason why the point should move in one direction rather than another, and, therefore, it will remain at rest. From this axiom, however, by a tedious process, D'Alembert deduced the general proposition. His axiom is more like a first principle than that of Daniel Bernoulli.

13. D'Alembert gave two other proofs of the same principle, but, like other writings of that great mathematician, they are rather prolix. The next simple demonstration, that of Du Chayla,

which has, since its publication at the commencement of the present century, been frequently placed as the proof of the fundamental proposition of Statics, depends for its validity on the principle of transmission of force already spoken of. It may be censured, too, from the introduction of a rigid body, which is, perhaps, when considered with precision, as objectionable in treating of the equilibrium of forces acting on a point as motion would be. The same objection applies to Sturm's proof, which is still simpler than Du Chayla's.

14. Poisson and Laplace have given proofs depending, that of the former on the calculus of functions, and that of the latter on the solution of a differential equation. These, though sufficiently simple to persons acquainted with the solution of differential and functional equations, are yet certainly too abstruse to place at the commencement of a subject, which in these days is expected to be known by those having but a moderate acquaintance with Geometry and Algebra. Laplace, in a particular case, by a very ingenious application of the eighth and fourth propositions of Euclid's Sixth Book, finds first the magnitude of the resultant, and then its direction; from this particular case is deduced the general proposition.

15. In all the proofs of the parallelogram of forces referred to above, and in almost all the proofs examined by the late great German mathematician Jacobi, the proof at first applies only to commensurable magnitudes, whence its truth is inferred for incommensurable magnitudes by an application of the argument *reductio ad absurdum*. This remark also applies to Poisson's proof, but not to the first proof by Laplace.

16. If a new solution is attempted, from axioms, which are at least as self-evident as any yet proposed, which also are in current use, any appearance of presumption will be pardoned, when it is recollected that Du Chayla, when his proof was first given, was a student of the Polytechnic School, and that he has left no other contribution to mathematical science.

17. The axioms made use of in the following demonstrations are, 1° Forces can be represented in magnitude and direction by straight lines; 2° Geometrical propositions regarding those lines are true of the forces represented by the lines; 3° that a single force can be found whose action on a point shall be the same as two other forces. This single force is called the resultant. *Particular Case.* Equal forces acting in opposite directions on a point keep it in equilibrium. This, in accordance with the axioms, becomes the self-evident geometrical truth, the distance from A to B in one direction, together with the same distance in the opposite direction, makes the sum (arith-

metical difference)  $= 0$ . The forces are, therefore, of no effect, that is, they are in equilibrium. *General Proof.* Two forces act on a point; they are given in magnitude and direction; required the single force which would have the same effect on the point. By the case already proved the resultant would be in equilibrium with an equal and opposite force, and consequently this force, equal and opposite to the resultant, is in equilibrium with the other two, or, considering the three forces, any one of them is in equilibrium with the other two, or is equal and opposite to their resultant. The question then is, to draw a line from the point of intersection of two given lines, of such a kind that, by making the same construction on a line equal to the line so drawn and in the opposite direction, the line found by this construction may be equal to the other given line and opposite in direction. It will be plain on drawing the figure, which any one can do for himself, that the diagonal of the parallelogram on the given lines fulfils the necessary condition, and that no other line does. If these lines are spoken of as forces according to the second axiom above, we have the proposition required.

18. This is presented as a natural proof of the proposition from the conventions entered into in the representation of forces. Other proofs appear to have been rendered difficult by introducing geometrical considerations into the primary ideas of force, which, as appears above, is unnecessary, when once it is admitted that forces can be subjects of calculation.

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## Short Notices of Books.

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As a rule we read *Good Words* (London: Strahan and Co.) with great pleasure. Its articles are generally characterised by a breadth of spirit, and a careful avoidance of all offensive matter most creditable in such a strictly Protestant publication. Occasionally, however, papers are admitted, which cannot but shock the feelings not only of Catholics, but also of all liberal-minded men. This is particularly the case in the number for August, which is spoiled by two pieces of writing, whose tone is of the lowest and the most unchristian. One, by Mr. Robert Leighton, "The Widow and the Priest", is fortunately couched in such vile doggerel, that no one will read more than its first two or three lines. Thus the writer's malicious intentions will be frustrated by his own incompetency to convey his miserably foolish notions in a form acceptable to intelligent readers. His effusions, therefore, we may pass by. The other, No. v. of a series of "Pamphlets for the People", from the pen of Dean Alford, professes to treat of "Romanism and Protestantism". All we can say of the production is, that it shows the Dean's views of either to be as hazily inaccurate as his knowledge of Greek, or his acquaintance with the structure of the English language, in both of which subjects, as well as in Theology, he has put forth sundry new and strange doctrines. As regards his paper in *Good Words*, it is enough to say that Dr. Alford tries a fall with Père Felix, and that, though he does all he can to damage the Church by vulgarity and Brummagem logic, his efforts are not crowned with even that amount of success, which falls to the lot of Murphy or the "Baron de" Camin.

A really good and trustworthy History of England, fit to be put into the hands of Catholic students of either sex, is greatly to be desired, and when found, to be highly valued. Lingard is too long for general use; and whatever abridgments of it have appeared are worthless as text books, either from their too great length, or from the wretched style in which they are written. Thus young Catholics have been perforce driven to use Protestant text-books, if, at least, they wished to get up a knowledge of History sufficient to enable them to pass any of the Public Examinations. The mischief often resulting from this needs no words from us. We are, therefore, only too happy to recommend a *History of England for Family Use, and the Upper Classes of Schools*; by the Author of "The Knights of St. John", "Christian Schools and Scholars", etc. (London: Burns, Oates, and Co.). This work, though published in 1864, has not yet been generally adopted as a text-book in our Irish Colleges and Schools, a defect which we hope to see speedily remedied. The matter is most conveniently arranged; all the facts are well put together; the style is inviting and pleasing; and the most trustworthy authorities



have been consulted on all disputed points. We do think, however, that, even in a History of England, the advent of the Normans into Ireland, and the treachery, by means of which they obtained a footing in our Island, might have been entered into at much greater length. Twenty-one lines are hardly enough to devote to an event so important to both countries. Nor even from this briefest notice do we gather that infamy so foul at all entered into the proceeding; nor do the words, "for which, i.e., the conquest of Ireland, he (Henry the Second) succeeded in procuring the approbation of Pope Adrian the Fourth", in the least make us understand how the Pope—an Englishman by the way—was hoodwinked in the transaction. As, however, any good History of Ireland will soon set this right, such a blemish, though serious enough, is not sufficient to condemn the book, when we take into consideration its excellence in every other respect.

To undertake the writing of a biography of such a man as Father Faber required that the writer, who attempted it, should be intimately acquainted with, and able to enter into that loving simplicity, and that angelic purity, which were the distinguishing characteristics of the great Oratorian. Such a biographer has been found in Father John Bowden, one of his sons in St. Philip, who, in his recently published *Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri* (London: Richardson, 1869), most vividly recalls his spiritual father to our recollection. In Ireland, where Father Faber's works are general favorites, the records of his life will be eagerly sought after; and when we add that few priests worked harder for the poor Irish in London, or did more for their spiritual welfare, we are sure that all will be anxious to learn more about one, the watchword of whose whole life was, "All for Jesus". We only regret that Father John Bowden's endeavors to make the life as perfect as possible, should not have been seconded by the publishers. The manner in which the book is got up, is slovenly to a degree, and goes far to merit the old, and we had hoped the exploded reproach, that Catholics cannot compete with Protestants in their way of turning out their publications.

Let the life of a Saint be written by a Saint is all very well, if we can get a Saint to do the work. Failing this, however, we are only too glad when we find the lives of God's servants put before us faithfully and lovingly by those, who have profited by their good example, and shared in their pious works. Of such a sort is *The Life of Mother Mary Margaret Hallahan* (London: Longmans, 1869). Sprung from an humble stock, her early life passed in privations, till nearly middle age a domestic servant, Mother Margaret, as she was familiarly and endearingly called, lived to begin, and to perfect a work, which has no parallel in modern times. To use the words of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Birmingham's preface, "She was a magnificent example of that spiritual maternity, which labors to bring forth children to God; of that exalted motherhood, which nurses

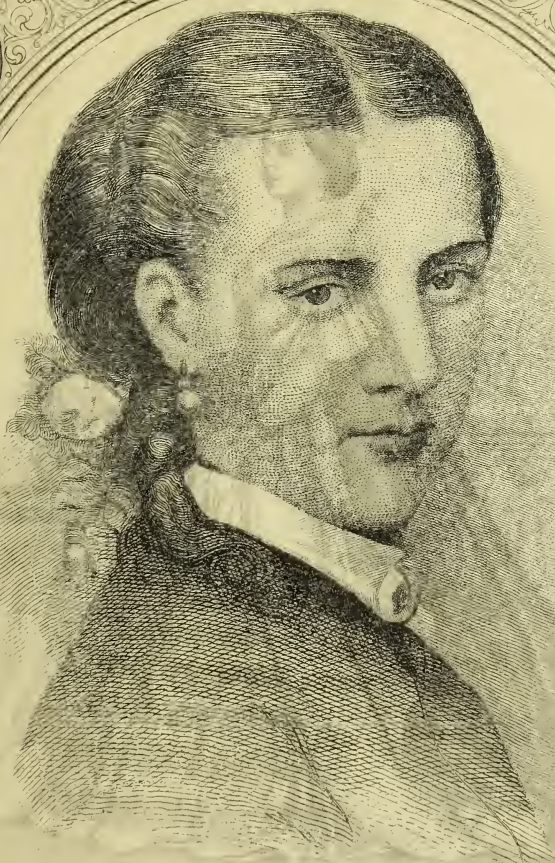
the offspring of other Christian mothers into servants of God and Saints. . . . . Foundress of a Congregation of the ancient Dominican Order, she trained a hundred religious women, founded five convents, built three churches, established a hospital for incurables, three orphanages, schools for all classes, including a number for the poor, and, what is more, left her own spirit in its full vigor to animate her children". Her name shows her nation; her wondrous biography tells of another daughter of the Island of Saints, whose heroic sanctity was worthy of her race, and whose fame as Mother in the Israel of Religion adds another to the bede-roll of illustrious Irishwomen.

To those, who are deluded into the idea that Protestant convents argue well for the state and the growth of religion in England, we would recommend *Five Years in a Protestant Sisterhood, and Ten Years in a Catholic Convent* (London: Longmans, 1869). On comparing the workings of those systems, which owe their rise to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, with those, whose origin is of the earth, earthy, they will at once pronounce the resemblance between the two to be as that, which exists between Hyperion and a Satyr. This is shown with great force of truth in the autobiography before us, to which, as well as to the *Life of Mother Mary Margaret Hallahan*, and *The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber, D.D.*, which we have noticed above, we shall have to make frequent reference elsewhere.

The photograph of *O'Connell's Tomb in Glasnevin Cemetery*, just published by Messrs. Earley and Powells (Dublin: Camden Street Works), artistically reproduces a piece of Irish workmanship that does the highest credit to an establishment, whose boast it is to have done so much towards the improvement of ecclesiastical art in this country.

Those who have a taste for strong and vigorous writing and real homethrusts in argumentation, will not fail to be pleased with Mr. Daniel Mac Nevin's *One word to the Most Reverend Archbishop Trench on his recent discreditable Charge* (Dublin: Dergan, 1868). Dr. Trench, evidently thinking discretion the better part of valor, has prudently declined the combat to which his adversary has challenged him.

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